

GOSSIP OF THE CAPITAL.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT'S EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE NEW COREAN MINISTER—MANY APPLICATIONS TO THE CENSUS DEPARTMENT—COLONEL FUNSTON'S DARING—MOVEMENTS OF THE DIPLOMATS.

Washington, May 6.—Seventeen thousand square feet of ground have been allotted in the Paris Exposition for the exhibition of the Agricultural Department, which will make an imposing display. Boxes and cases are already being made, and in all the bureaus active preparations are rapidly going on for the practical demonstration of their work in 1900. Charles Richard Dodge, the director for the Agricultural Department at Paris, is responsible for the statement that the exhibition will be far more extensive and elaborate than anything attempted before.

In naming Mr. Dodge as the Department's representative, Secretary Wilson has chosen wisely, for he is not only a man of practical experience, but had charge of the agricultural exhibit at the Centennial and at a number of exhibitions since then. It is the aim of the Department to show in the most attractive manner possible everything the American people eat, drink and wear.

An interesting feature of the exhibition will be the cotton exhibit, which, starting from the seed, will show the plant in every stage until it is gathered, when it will be carried through all the different processes until it comes out either cotton goods or clothing. Wool will be similarly displayed; space has been reserved for dairy products, and American beef will be shown in huge glass refrigerators.

Much attention, too, will be paid to the exhibition of corn, which the American consuls and agents abroad have endeavored so conscientiously to introduce into foreign countries. Besides demonstrating the various kinds of foods that can be prepared from corn, wines and liquors made from it and the several materials manufactured from the cob, stalk and shuck of this popular cereal will be shown.

Prince Min Yong Whan, who has been named to succeed Chin Pom Ye as Corea Minister at Washington, is well known here, where he spent several months last year diligently studying the English language, American institutions and customs, and the character and point of view of the people in preparation for his present appointment.

The new envoy is a cousin to the late unhappy Queen of Corea, who was foully murdered by conspirators at the very threshold of her own palace. He is in high favor at Court, and is regarded as one of the ablest statesmen in Corea, where he has long played a prominent part in politics, being for a time a member of the Ministry and accredited as special envoy from his country to Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Prince Min belongs to the progressive party, is a warm upholder of Occidental methods and a convert to Occidental ideals.

Mise Barton, whose advancing years do not in any way diminish her activity, started for Miami, Fla., Tuesday morning, whence she will embark for Havana. Her mission in Cuba is to review the work of the Red Cross Society and to advise her agents in further undertakings. The relief work of the society is beginning to have a marked effect on the natives, and it has happily been able to relieve much of the misery and suffering entailed by the war. Many things, however, remain to be done, and this devoted woman is as indefatigable in her efforts for the unfortunates who are still suffering from the effects of the long years of hostilities in Cuba as she was at the beginning.

The census authorities are beset by applications for appointments, and a good part of their time is devoted to being pleasant to the countless number of men, women and children who besiege them with prayers to be put upon the rolls. The method adopted by Mr. Porter in the last census was an admirable one, and the officers he finally got together for the execution of the work performed their duties ably and well. Mr. Merriam is in a measure following the precedent set by Mr. Porter, and all applicants will be subjected to a practical examination relating to the work they will be called on to do. Beyond a few heads of departments not many appointments will be made this summer, and most of these typewriters and stenographers, who will begin on a small salary, and, as they demonstrate their ability, will receive promotion.

The story of Colonel Funston's recent daring performance in crossing the Rio Grande River to make a way for a general advance upon the Filipinos by General MacArthur's brigade meets with warm applause in Washington, where he has many friends, who say it is just what might be expected of a man of his fearlessness and gallantry and his high ambitions, who has been already schooled in endurance and disciplined by privations.

This valiant officer, who is one of the most audacious of men, versatile and resourceful, has had a varied and interesting career. At one period of it he held the position of city editor on a rabidly Democratic paper in Kansas, the editor of which, being suddenly called out of town, left his subordinate in charge. Much to the astonishment and indignation of its subscribers,

the day after the chief's departure the paper came out as an ardent Republican organ. The editor was immediately summoned and young Funston peremptorily dismissed. He took the matter philosophically, however, telling his friends he did not like the job or the town, but thought he might as well leave a record of his having been there.

Colonel Funston's temerity, indeed, knows no limit. When he was not more than eighteen years old his father was making a campaign for election to Congress. Everything seemed to be against him, and his chance of success was small, when his son took the stump at a meeting held for the Democratic candidate, and, converting by his eloquence and logic friends into foes, helped his father to the largest Republican victory the district had ever given.

A late undertaking was his trip to Alaska, where he won the admiration of all his companions by his willingness, energy and scientific knowledge. The botanical collection he secured there is said to be the finest ever brought from that country. Subsequently he became an officer in the Cuban Army, where General Gomez, recognizing his ability, gave him a prominent command. The story of his life in the last few months is well known, and he richly deserves his high promotion.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the English Ambassador; Lady Pauncefote and their daughters, are the first members of the Diplomatic Corps to

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While the Duchess d'Arcos, wife of the new Spanish Ambassador, cannot be called a beautiful woman, she has strong features, expressive eyes, and a most winning expression, which denotes a character of rare sweetness and amiability. As Miss Lowery, all of her girlhood was passed at the capital, where she took an active part in the social life. It has been reported here that the Duke and Duchess d'Arcos will occupy the Lowery homestead while they are stationed in Washington. An abode more suitable for Spain's new Ambassador could not be found. An imposing structure of brick and stone, with the mansard roof popular at the time it was built, some years ago, it is situated in the fashionable West End part of the town, perfectly arranged for entertaining, and was



THE DUCHESS D'ARCOS.

Wife of the recently appointed Ambassador from Spain.
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leave town. The absence of this popular family is deeply regretted, but the friends of the Ambassador rejoice that he will have an opportunity for the rest and recreation denied him last year through the exigent duties imposed by the war. It is pleasant to know that although the time for his retirement has been reached and his successor was named a year ago the period of Sir Julian's service in this country has been indefinitely extended. During his absence the English Embassy will be in charge of Reginald Tower, the first secretary, a man, like nearly all the English representatives in this country, possessed of rare qualities of mind and person, in whom his chief has unbounded confidence.

Sir Julian Pauncefote will be followed to the other side by a number of his colleagues. The French and German Ambassadors intend to leave Washington for Europe in the early summer; Baron Fava, whose duties as Senator kept him in Italy for the greater part of the winter, and the Austrian Minister have not yet returned. Count Cassini, who professes a great fondness for this country, has planned to remain here through the heated season, and will, with his beautiful and popular niece, visit a number of the fashionable resorts. Count and Countess Lichterfeld have taken passage for the other side, and Viscount Santo-Thyrso, the representative of Portugal, and the Viscountess will shortly take their little daughter, who was born on American soil and has never been in her own country, to visit her relatives.

Speaking of Portugal, J. H. Thierot, the Amer-

ican Consul at Lisbon, who was in town last week, spoke most pleasantly of the people to whom he is accredited. From the lowest to the highest class, he says, the Portuguese are noted all the world over for their politeness and hospitality, and his residence there is a most agreeable one. Mr. Thierot pays, too, a high tribute to the American Minister, Mr. Townsend, recently transferred to fill the vacancy in Belgium caused by the appointment of Bellamy Storer to the Spanish mission. Mr. Townsend, it seems, was immensely popular and his wife, a beautiful woman, enjoyed an enviable prestige in the social circles in Lisbon.

The central station of the Alaskan section of the climate and crop service has been transferred from Sitka to Eagle, on the Yukon River, near the British line. The work has been placed in charge of U. G. Myers, vice H. L. Ball, who has been ordered back to the United States. Mr. Myers has been connected with the Weather Bureau for a number of years. He is a man of resolution and courage, possessed of the mental and physical qualifications which eminently fit him for the arduous duties connected with his work in this inhospitable region. Mr. Myers is devoted to his profession, and since he is determined to remain in Alaska for some years, it is believed that through his energy most valuable information will be obtained regarding the climate of this region, about which little is known.

ONE OF THE OLDEST ENGINES RUNNING.

From The London Telegraph.

An interesting little event in connection with our railways is mentioned by "The Locomotive Magazine" in its April issue. On February 15 the celebrated old engine Cornwall brought an American special train to London and returned on the following day drawing the 10 a. m. Scotch Express. The Cornwall is one of the oldest, if not actually the oldest locomotive at present running. She was built nearly half a century ago to the design of the famous engineer Trevithick, and originally her boiler was placed below the main axle. She has driving wheels 8 feet 6 inches in diameter, now the largest in the world, and her regular duty is to take the forty-five-minute expresses between Liverpool and Manchester. She had not been in London for about twenty years prior to February 15.

THE BOY KING'S SAD LOT.

ALFONSO XIII UNPOPULAR IN SPAIN AND UNHAPPY.

From The London Mail.

One of the most interesting figures of to-day is Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, who belongs entirely and exclusively to the twentieth century. The years that he has passed on this side of 1900 have been few and irresponsible. He does not take up the reins of sovereignty or assume the cares of kingship until 1902, and between now and then revolutions may overwhelm his hapless country.

But he already sits upon a dignified throne, and though at present he is unknown outside his own palace, he has a near prospect of ruling the destinies of twenty millions of subjects.

Few kings, even of Spain, have begun life under worse auspices. His name is unfortunate; his number a pledge of bad luck. His unhappy father was dead before he came into the world, and his mother, the daughter of an Austrian archduke, was confronted with the hateful task of ruling an antipathetic country.

So far the mother has emerged from an impossible situation with a certain distinction, if without much glory. But the son will have a harder task set him than ever fell to his mother's lot, and he will face the music inexperienced and untrained.

His aspect is familiar to every one in Madrid, and his presence has never yet succeeded in arousing enthusiasm. Now and again, as the guard is changed outside the Palace at Madrid, a pale, harassed face is seen gazing from a window.

The face appears suddenly, and as suddenly passes from your sight. "There is the King," murmurs a lazy onlooker, and the King it is, who looks out upon his people uncheered and almost unrecognized. So, too, you may meet him driving in the afternoon in sad solemnity. No one raises a hat or does reverence to the boy who has succeeded to some of the honors which were Philip IV's. Even if the casual cabman makes room for the royal cortege, he does it with a bad grace, and with the air of a man who has gone out of his way to pay a compliment to mediocrity. And yet in this King of thirteen years there should be all the elements of romance. He is young, unfortunate and a monarch. If his people do not love him, surely he might stir pity. He inspires neither pity nor love. He passes unnoticed—that is all.

The truth is, he has never touched the Spanish heart, and unless he be endowed with unexpected tact and talent he is never likely to touch it. The circumstances of his life have fought against his success. In the first place, his appearance arouses an instant antipathy. He is too blond, his hair is too light, his forehead is too high to correspond with the national type. "He is no Spaniard," says one citizen in contempt. "He is an Austrian." Another asks indignantly: "Why should we be ruled by a pale-faced boy, who doesn't seem to carry in his veins a drop of true Spanish blood?" Again, he is placid, almost inert, in his manner. His hand is seldom raised in a gesture of excitement; his eye does not burn with enthusiasm.

The true Spanish boy, said a detractor once, is never still. So long as he has an old rag in his hand he can play at bull-fighting in the streets. Or he need never be dull if the side of a house and a tennis-ball suggest a game of pilota to his active mind. At any rate, he must always be running about or devising a new sport. The time will come soon enough when he shall hide himself in the shade or gossip idly at the street corner. But the young King is never taken off his guard. He seems overweighed with the duties of the future. He is familiar enough to the inhabitants of Madrid, yet nobody ever saw him run about, or laugh the gay, empty laugh of childhood.

Yet, if the Spaniard would but remember the past he should esteem the young King for this very solemnity. Indeed, it may be said that Alfonso XIII is only upholding the tradition of his high office.

When Spain was mistress of the world her kings held laughter a disgrace, and at the end of the seventeenth century the poor bride of Charles II, who did not easily forget the manners of her own French Court, was condemned to hatred for her frank hilarity. But the Spaniard has either forgotten his tradition or changed his view. In his dislike of the young King he reproves the precocious dignity which the contemporaries of Philip IV would have esteemed above all the talents, and if Alfonso XIII is ever to win a national popularity he must make some sudden, brusque appeal to the people's heart. If he would only profess an active admiration of bull-fighting, or, better still, descend into the ring, his future would be secure. But he is never likely to kill an Andalusian bull with his own hand, as did Philip IV, and so he must keep patience and wait upon luck.

WARS AMONG THE BEES.

From The Kansas City Star.

"Did you ever know that bees have wars among themselves. Just as men do?" said G. W. Reynolds, of Los Angeles, Cal., at the Midland Hotel Saturday evening. "Well, they do. I own a big honey farm near San Diego, and I have made a study of the habits and methods of the little workers, and in doing so I have come to believe that each hive of bees has its guards or policemen, whose sole duty it is to keep watch and warn the hive if another and stronger hive comes to rob them. This often happens, you know. A strong hive raids a weaker one, and, aside from killing hundreds of the bees, steals all the honey. But if the weaker hive is warned in time by its policemen it will prepare to fight and often the stronger hive is driven back."

Mr. Reynolds has a reputation for being one of the oldest travelling salesmen in the United States—he is seventy-three years old, though he doesn't look a day more than fifty-five, and has been on the road fifty-two years. He owns one of the most productive honey farms in California, and he knows many curious things about bees and their habits.

"I have six hundred stands on my farm," said he, "and the annual production of honey is about sixty tons. There are about twenty thousand bees to each stand, so you see the population of my bee city is greater than that of any city of men and women in the world. And unlike any other city, its population is changed entirely every forty-five days, or almost entirely so, for a working bee only lives that long and the queen bees are the only ones that reach a greater age. They live a year or more."

"California honey is about the finest that is produced anywhere. The wild sage is the flower most hunted by the little workers, and during April, May, June and July they make most of the honey. On the market this honey brings from four to seven cents a pound wholesale, so you see there is a pretty good profit in it."